THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1745.

Original Poetry.

THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[There is a legend in many parts of the country, in Pennsylvania particularly, that there is a certain flower which appears on Christmas eve at midnight, but which is seen before sunrise on the following morning.]

Christmas flower, golden flower!
Then hast sprung up in our land,
Through the hurt and frozen earth,
Come to prove a Saviour's birth.

Christmas flower, golden flower!
Thou hast got a magic power;
Thou art nother shaped nor hued
By the sorrow or the ground.

Christmas flower, fair and bright,
Thou wilt never see the night;
For, before the morning sun
Wounds the earth, thy work is done.

Christmas flower, tell us why
Thus so soon fair life and die;
Why not with us be it given
Till the next Christmas Eve shall come?

Christmas flower, why so soon
Art thou from our vision flown?
Every flower! why not one?
Till is ushered in the day?

Christmas flower, I will trow
Thou dost not wantonly blow;
Seldom flowers! then I'll sing
Words and leave her offspring.

Millersburg, Pa. E. F. WILHOIT, M. D.

Original Novelet.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN.

AUTHOR OF "ONE YEAR OF WIDOWHOOD," "THE HEIRS OF CRESSAC," ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELBERT PIERCE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHERS.

During the hottest hours of a scorching day in the month of July, 1840, two young men had sought shelter from the intense rays of the sun, within a cool mountain grotto. It was a romantic spot, and in their boyhood it had been their favorite play ground, for it fronted a small lake, on whose waters they could launch their little vessels, and their delicate fingers could watch the progress of their little rudders.

The two young men were brothers.

They had but recently met, after a long absence, in the house of their childhood, whither they had come to spend their summer holidays with a beloved mother.

The elder brother, Edwin Wallenberg, had, by sensible industry, graduated at a religious college in a neighboring provincial city, with the title of Rector. His entrance into active duties, to guide his herd of life into an economical harbor: but his brother Victor, who had barely received an appointment as Cornet-Judge, for he had chosen law as his profession, was so delighted with the honor conferred on him, that he threw away every description note for to-morrow from his hand. Evening was approaching.

A boat which had long filled the air slowly floated away, and a bright blue sky shone down upon a bright blue lake, which was enclosed by a girdle of tall and waving rushes, whose fleshy, green color pleasantly relieved the uniformity of the white, sandy beach, and the brown cliffs, within whose enclosure our young friends were sheltered.

"My yourself, Victor, you sleepy fellow. Are you not one that I wish to take with my oldest?"

"Ah! I am very anxious—"

"Ah Bah!"

"No one here in her boat."

"Ah Bah!"

"You can well say bah, you, who are so firmly seated in your kingdom of delight. But Louise rock is somewhat too hard for a comfortable sofa—pshaw! it offers as if I were to enjoy new discomforts. This delight in a durable southern pillow is the origin of so little trouble?"

"Every joy has its attendant sorrow," replied Edwin, "even in a philosopher, you have probably given us a genuine pillow. Ah a general thing, however, you learn but little of anything."

"On the contrary, I am even now on the hard road towards improvement."

"Ah, you have studied philosophy?"

"Bah!"

"You have read Hegel?"

"Bah!"

"Schelling?"

"Bah!"

"Or, perhaps, some of our Swedish philosophers?"

"I have studied George Sand."

"Such fine philosophy, by my faith. If I had such ownership here, I would read you a sonnet—but for talking such nonsense in a case of so much importance as your worship's choice of the Rector Wallenberg."

"Well, we will declare peace. Let us refer to our conversation on the charming widow."

"With pleasure."

"Which of us two shall be her consoler?"

"That should be my duty, for I am a clergyman. The single time I saw her in church from behind enough happiness for me."

"I believe you, for I, who have not even seen her, feel a deep interest in her. Perhaps some day or other she will require legal advice."

"I do not think she has inherited any landed estate from her husband," responded Edwin.

"Did she inherit anything from him?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, a small farm, where, after her husband's death, she locked herself up in a dismal room, and gave way to sore affliction. She has been a widow eighteen months."

"And now you discover that a spiritual adviser—"

"No, no, the good angel has certainly a greater need of an earthly comforter—"

"But, tell me, does she never show herself except at church, and during her approaching evening excursions on the lake?"

"Never."

"And does she always visit those lonely Hazel Islands, during these excursions?"

"Most always; but usually. Her heart requires recreation."

"Where then?"

"Yes, her heart, and to relieve it, she visits the houses of the two or three fishermen who occupy those desolate islands, and live entirely secluded from the rest of the world, that she may relieve their wants and cheer their solitude."

"It is doubly meritorious to relieve the wants of those whose modesty prevents them from publicly begging for alms."

"If it is meritorious, why should we not lend a helping hand, we might look into the matter, and—"

"Not at! That would be suspicious charity," replied Victor; "it would be nothing more nor less than a species of espionage."

"True, and as we should always conduct ourselves properly, if we should make any attempt—"

"Hush, hush! I thought I heard the sound of oars. Oh, if this should be one of those fortunate evenings!"

Victor arose, and was about advancing to the mouth of the grotto to look out upon the lake.

"You are heedless," said Edwin. "If the discovers us we shall lose the pleasure of listening to her serenade. Come hither, we will conceal ourselves behind this tree, and can observe her without fear of discovery."

"Good—this is the very spot—it would drive me mad if our lady should consider us to be guilty of impudence—"

"Or if we should consider ourselves rivals," returned Edwin with a laugh.

The sound of the oars gradually approached the shore; but an extending rock prevented the young gentlemen from observing the boat until they were obliged to spend a few moments in feverish impatience.

During these few moments the young men indulged in marked expressions of impatience and vexation, which displayed a striking difference of temperament so vividly that, with the reader's permission, we will spend a short time in describing their mental and personal appearance.

The Rector's form was an impersonation of calmness and dignity, although his features expressed eager curiosity and impatience. He was a man of slight stature. His hair was light, and his countenance was pleasant, while his blue eyes conducted an expression which evinced that he loved to contemplate subjects of a serious nature, and for a lively style of exercise. His upper lip was overshadowed by a delicate mustache; but there was an expression around his mouth that indicated that the young man was not so effeminate in his character as his flowing hair and delicate features might bespeak him at first sight.

Victor was taller than his brother; but his form, full of display, had not the ease and refinement which were contained in the Rector's every movement. Victor, however, was more animated and vivacious, and his black eyes sparkled with a fascination to be feared towards the spot where the boat was soon to appear. He was of a dark complexion, and his every feature and motion were vivacious. His forehead was as smooth as polished ivory, and her long, curling locks fell upon his shoulders in ringlets that were too full over-graceful than the artistically curled hair of his brother. In Victor's fond remembrance, kindness and generosity were vividly implanted; but a close observer, who looks deeper than the surface of an individual, would have discovered in Victor's face a host of things more frivolous than serious. He could scarcely remain in one position for an instant, and he could hardly restrain himself from giving vent to his delight in a loud exclamation when the expected boat shot around the rock and presented itself to their view.

It was a small skiff, rowed by a boy, who held a single female seated over the momentum of the obedient little vessel. But there was another personage in the boat who seemed to possess the right to hold command over it; but this person, a lovely woman, dressed in deep mourning, was seated indolently in the stern of the boat. She was gazing pensively into the water, which distinctly mirrored her features. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful woman than this fair widow, whose heart, it was said, was yet to acquire. Her eyes seemed to express a spirit which longed to unite itself with kindred spirits, and her entire form appeared almost ethereal in its delicacy.

"Look, did I say too much?" inquired Edwin, pointing towards the boat. "Will not one glance at the sublime sorrow depicted in that beautiful countenance, enchiven even a heart like the rector is true?"

"What rumor?" inquired Victor, unable to remove his eyes from the charming picture.

"That she, like the wife of Gustavus Adolphus, had lost her husband's heart enchained, and preserved it in a silver urn, that she might weep over it."

"Ah, a second Marie Eleanor—that name suits her well; but I hope she does not intend to weep over her treasure any longer, for such a beauty should not be hidden from the sight of men."

"Yes, but what protestations could her enthusiastic subjects of blessed memory have made, had she been compared with a woman as beautiful as our lovely widow?"

"She!—not any; and aside from that, Gustavus Adolphus was a hero, and therefore he could never find his like again on earth; but our widow should not throw away her charms and fortune. Was not her husband a man whose like can be found anywhere?"

"I have nothing about that; but as she pays so much respect to his memory, it must have been a man to whom she belonged. What is retains her long even after his death, should also be considered."

"And it is indeed unresolved to behold such a woman in this melancholy state of mind. How to make her endeavored to comfort her—"

"Can there be found in this neighborhood a man of more than ordinary merit? Ah, that is impossible! See, what has she bounded to ensnare? A gaiter?"

"Ah, she is tossing it. Enchantress, oh, if you only knew that you had other tokens, ere besides mountains and water?"

"But we should see nothing—"

"Will you be silent?"

"Cease your powerful hold your breath."

CHAPTER II.

THE ACQUAINTANCE.

At the moment the boat passed the grotto, the widow drew off her gloves, and exposed her small, snow white hand, and the delicate fingers soon swept over the strings of the instrument, calling forth a strain of mournful and sweet music.

Her large melancholy eyes glided along the shore; she saw no living creature, and she opened her coral lips and sang in a trembling but melodious voice, an ancient sentimental ballad of a faithless lover and a broken-hearted maiden, and in the grief expressed by the poet, the half-suppressed endeavored to forget her own affliction.

The boat slowly moved on, and the music gradually died away in the distance; but the young men still saw in their mind's eye her beautiful face and flowing curls, and the sound of her melodious voice still lingered in their ears.

"I will endeavor to gain an opportunity of acquaintance with her," said the Rector, whose mind was so strongly affected by the song that his eyes were misled with tears.

"I shall speak to her!" exclaimed Victor, passionately. "I will storm her heart. After I have seen her but ten minutes, I shall love her—not like a fool, as we say at the present time, but like the ancient knights who were compelled to fight with dragons that they might gain the treasure they sought."

"Excellent! But be not too hasty—be careful—I am no dragon—but, but—"

"Rector!" You philosophy and your sublime pilgrimatic disposition do not fit you for a lover. And more, you are well aware that if we were rivals, I should—"

"Ah, you are as vain as ever; but as I also possess some vanity, I see no reason why I should succumb to you without a struggle."

"Then you confess your feelings as complaces: they obey you, and you rule them as you do your actions, with argument and reason; but I shall do as I wish, and here declare that this lady, whose picture your own fervid description has imprinted upon my imagination, shall always occupy my heart, although she has so suddenly conquered it."

"Ah, my friend, my friend—" if I should entertain the same sentiments, do you suppose that I could relinquish this beautiful, mysterious creature without a struggle? No, no, my dear Victor, your certainty of success causes me not, and urges me on to the conflict."

"Well, let us strive for the prize. Each one is blessed!"

"Good, and both of us may hope for success. Let me see. I have nearly two months yet to spare."

"But I have only six weeks. The matter must be decided in that time."

The Rector smiled doubtfully.

"It must be decided, I repeat it, it must be decided in that time," said Victor, hotly. "shall we lay a wager on the result? Ere six weeks have passed, this widow must declare mine whether she shall live for—"

"For you?"

"For me!"

"You will lose," said the Rector, "and I shall gain my hope to prove the truth of my prophecy."

"As you please. An inner voice bids me to hope for the best. She will not resist me, for I shall call Cupid himself to my assistance."

"Then I shall call upon Minerva, with that peculiar expression of pity as well calculated to arouse the anger of a person of Victor's character and disposition.

"Oh, how I hate such a smile!" exclaimed Victor. "I shall punish you, Minerva will never soon only to injure the feelings of others—"

"You are very foolish to wager on obtaining the love of a woman of whom you know nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. Nothing."

"I have enough to excite the strongest passion of love!"

"Indeed!"

"She is as beautiful as an angel!"

"You have seen no angels!"

"As pure and holy as a madonna!"

"Ah, you are indeed fortunate!"

"She suffers; she is unhappy. She was weeping. Your, charming, adorable creatures! Even your pain and your sorrow are a charm! you will grow and die."

"But do not forget that she wishes to be alone with her pain and sad recollections. She retired from the city to seek consolation in seclusion, for during her husband's life, it is said, she was the gayest of the gay."

"Ah, you have obtained information relative for her; but no sorrow is eternal, and it is now time that hers should come to an end."

"You are entertained then on we but in six weeks? I require two months to complete my wooing; but, if, after the lapse of that period, I discover that you have stronger hopes of success than I have, I will relinquish my claim to your favor. If, however, you are so further advanced in your suit by that time, than I am now, I shall demand of you to retreat and leave the field to me alone."

"Agreed! I am satisfied—" Victor extended his hand to Edwin, who clasped it, and a friendly and hearty shake completed the compact.

CHAPTER III.

AT HOME.

An hour afterward the young gentlemen entered their quarters at Landsberg.

Mrs. Gertrude Wallenberg was a widow, and had inherited from her husband, a farmer, a small estate, which she derived a considerable income. She was a lady who inherited to be respected by all who knew her. She was, a good woman, and an excellent mother. Under her careful guidance her sons had grown up to manhood, and she had the pleasure of each of them with a wealthy and beautiful wife, her joy would have been complete.

"I have news for you, my children," said she, as the brothers entered the room.

"Ah, good news, I suppose," said Victor, the Rector, taking his mother's hand.

"Good-morning," said Victor, pleasantly with the keen appetite and bright eyes of the rosy-cheeked boy.

"Are you hungry, my son?" inquired the lady anxiously.

"Not very, but I am; but if I was, would you share your kennel with me?"

"Yes, I would give you a little—a very little—of my mother's portion of it."

"Ah, you are a generous boy, and I shall go to theatre; and Mrs. Benedrich may go to the devil to gibe with her husband."

"What a fortunate chance!" thought Victor. I have struck the path on the very first trial—and it is only necessary that I should keep it, and reach the goal quickly."

"Victor!" exclaimed Victor, delighted at this unexpected news; but with an effort he restrained his joyful emotions. "Victor!"

"And my name is Sophia Zolander—Mademoiselle Zolander, of Jenkopping. My father is long in this dismal old grave-yard, is—"

"I do not remember his name," said Victor, "but I have heard of him, though."

"He is a doorkeeper!"

"Oh, that is quite different. I remember him now, quite well."

"Oh, that is charming! We are, as it were, old friends, then; but I have not known you—"

"Yes, but if you will allow me the question—how long is it since you left your father's house? Your mother must be extinct for—"

"About two years ago I was introduced to Madame Benedrich, and became her service; but after the death of her husband I wished to return home. But the poor lady was low-spirited, and I could not find it in my heart to leave her to this place, that I at length resolved to remain with her when the right chord of my heart is touched."

"What a noble sacrifice! You are young mistress to very handsome."

"She is distracted with grief; but indeed I have remained longer than I at first meant to time for her return home. If you should ever be in the neighborhood of Jenkopping, we might perhaps meet again when I go to distribute Mrs. Benedrich's gifts to the poor."

"Mademoiselle Zolander, I am sure that of the adventure so abruptly thrust upon me."

"But," thought he, "I may obtain some valuable information from Mademoiselle Zolander, her mistress; but should she fail to discover that I have been tampering with her secret, the engagement would be crushed forever. Yet it will not do to offend Mademoiselle Zolander."

"How, strait?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Zolander, indignantly, "are you thinking? Please do not accept my invitation unless it suits you. This is a dreary place. I will trouble you no longer. Good-morning, Mr. Schmidt, I hope you will be fortunate."

"Ah, Mademoiselle. I did not intend—"

"Adieu, Mr. Schmidt!" Mademoiselle Zolander drew down her veil, and turned up her little nose; but still she did not depart.

"I intended to inform you, Mademoiselle, that I had promised to attend my brother on a hunting excursion to-morrow, but I hope to return early enough to enjoy the pleasure of an interview with you—"

"Monsieur, monsieur, monsieur, sir," spitted Sophia, considerably mollified, "but it natural net, for now I remember that to-morrow evening my mistress makes an excursion on the lake, and I shall be obliged to remain with her the whole day, to make preparations."

Victor was so much delighted with this prospect of meeting Mademoiselle, that he at perfect interval of fatience. He was enchanted with this exhibition of true delicacy and unselfishness. It was indeed noble that she should make such a sacrifice as to remain in the house the whole day to please her mistress, "and," he added, "my conscience will not allow me to attempt to deepen this tendency of feeling in the slightest degree."

He bowed deeply, and was about departing; but Mademoiselle Sophia called his attention to some newly ores, and declared that she was afraid to pass them alone. They would rush at her, she knew they would; but Victor seemed not to understand her. He hastened from the spot.

"I have been hasty," said he; "perhaps the meanest boy's protecting angel was not mine!"

CHAPTER V.

COMPARING NOTES.

When Victor returned home, he was disappointed in not meeting his brother at the breakfast-table. In fact, Edwin did not arrive until noon.

As soon as he had an opportunity, Victor communicated to his brother, with the eagerness of a child, the success of his hunting excursion.

"What do you mean?" inquired the Rector, with his usual calmness.

"Why, I mean the question after what I have told you? Ever since the times of old, lovers have always commenced with the walking of their charmers."

"But I think that it would have been better to have commenced with the lady herself," said Edwin, with a smile.

Victor, who fancied that he had good reason to boast over his success, replied in a tone of dejection.

"Certainly; but Fortune never comes to us unless we endeavor to win her, by taking some preliminary measures."

"Ah, I suppose so; but that does not prevent her from coming to me."

"What?"

"I have not only seen the widow, but I have spoken to her. I have not only spoken to her, but I have held her hand while I was conducting her over the narrow plank which crosses her boat."

"Oh, you abominable Manchesnen! But why not? I myself have not been a silly story, I am not compelled to believe you. For the part, I have no need to use any invention. What I tell you really happened."

"If you do not believe my words, I will call upon Sophia, and she will bear me out in my assertion."

"Ah, you have found a handkerchief with the name Matilda worked on it!"

"I have not had an opportunity to call on her to-morrow. Do you not think so?"

"It is impossible that you should have denied her! When and where did you meet her, and how did you arrange it?"

The Rector smiled.

"If you really speak the truth, you should not thus deride my efforts."

"Now Dan!" or her adopted home, who, by the power of great thinking and great loving, has become a high intellectual woman, and a great farmer. Marion is privately married to Thornton Willmerton, a young gentleman of high accomplishments, and the heir-apparent of the largest landed estate in the county. There is also Jenny, a faithful old family servant, who is attached to Edith, Miriam, and Marion. There is also Thornton's son Willmerton, by his first wife, Miriam's friend, Charley, valet to Thornton Willmerton, Jr., and Mrs. Thornton's page boy, belonging to Commodore Waugh.

All the present stage of the story, Marion, from obvious motives, has greatly improved, refused to accompany or follow Thornton Willmerton to France, or to Italy, or anywhere, and he is prepared to publicly proclaim their private marriage. Thornton Willmerton, senior, and cingrin blended with passion and pride—unwilling to acknowledge his penniless bride as the cause of being disinherited by his father, yet unwilling—God personally himself to be separated from her, and to live with her—resolves to carry her off by force or stratagem. Whether he will succeed, remains to be seen. Having given the above synopsis of the foregoing parts of the story, we yet trust that the continuation will be intelligible to our many new readers.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE YELLOW POSTWRITER—THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

Let us now—

[illegible] and commence to act.
To know our common motive to act.
Let us then be one, but not like brothers.

"Ah! The spell isn't over yet! Somebody's coming!" said Edith, as she heard a knock at the door

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
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20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in *British North America* must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LORENZO. We are truly indebted to you for your condensed statement of that case, though we probably shall be unable to use it, owing to matters of more general interest pressing upon our columns.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, FANNY FERN, and a NEW CONTRIBUTOR, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We commence, in the present number, a Novelet from the entertaining pen of the talented Swedish writer, Mrs. Carlen, entitled

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

This novelet will probably run through about *five* numbers of the Post. Its opening chapters, we think, indicate a very entertaining story.

This we expect to follow with a short Novelet, which we have recently received, entitled,

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE,

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Next we design giving an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By a NEW AND DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

In addition to the above Novelet by Grace Greenwood, we are also promised two other short Novelets,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

A Novelet by MRS. DENISON, Author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING

A Novelet, by MARY IRVING.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's *exclusive* contributor,

VIVIA:

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

DEMOCRACY IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—In France merit has no difficulty in rising even from the ranks—the greatest Marshals of Napoleon having been originally private soldiers. But in England, the case of a private rising beyond the grade of non-commissioned officer, has been an unheard of thing, until recently. In the Crimea, already no less than sixteen officers' commissions have been given to non-commissioned officers who have distinguished themselves in action, or by good conduct. Doubtless this change of policy is in some degree, one of the fruits of the French and English armies being combined in the same cause. Another good result of the alliance, probably will be the complete destruction of the old prejudice between the people of the two nations. Each will find that the other has merits as well as defects. The English will forgive the French their bull-frog likings, in consideration of the celerity with which they bore down upon the enemy, to the rescue of the Guards, at Inkermann. And the French will forego further sarcastic allusion to "*rosbif*," as they remember how the British soldiers stood the brunt of that same terrific conflict, against three-fold their number. In thus obliterating these old and deeply rooted prejudices, this war, in the providence of God, may not only prevent future contests between France and England, but may sow the seeds of a good feeling whose results cannot at present be estimated. Probably in no way could the current of national feeling between the masses of the two nations be so speedily changed, as by fighting under the same banner.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

New subscribers beginning with the present number of the Post, will perceive that the *Preface* affixed to the novelet of Miriam, by Mrs. Southworth, will acquaint them sufficiently with the previous portions, as to enable them to go on hereafter with it understandingly. So far as we have heard the opinions of our readers relating to Miriam, it is considered as occupying a front rank among its distinguished author's productions.

MEDIATION.

One of the ridiculous ideas of the present day, that proposition of Mr. Sumner in the Senate, and Mr. Clingman in the House, for the United States to offer to mediate between the Allies and Russia, in our opinion, takes the lead. Russia doubtless would thankfully accede to it—as anything is desirable to her that would procrastinate the war, and gain time. Fighting on her own soil, and with less civilized troops, her expenses are comparatively smaller than those of her opponents.

But the question is *past* mediation. It is, as the N. Y. Tribune says, though not in the sense it uses the expression, a war for the Balance of Power. The Tribune says:

> Finally, let our own people keep clear of this quarrel, in feeling as well as in fact. It is a war of the Past, not of the Present—a war of dynasties, of races; not a war for the Rights of Man; a war for the Balance of Power, not for the upraising of the down-trodden Millions. It is a capital quarrel to let alone.

Yes, it is a capital quarrel to let alone—we agree with that also. But we cannot keep clear of it in feeling. Because this war for the Balance of Power includes the question whether Europe shall become "Republican or Cossack." For Western Europe as clearly is the only hope of Republicanism in Europe, as the Czar is the only hope of both Civil and Religious Despotism. It is therefore a question of the "Balance of Power" between the West and the East of Europe—and between the different species of civilization which they represent. And thus it is a war of the Present, as well as of the Past—which all great wars necessarily must be; for the great Present always has a deep root in the Past. It is also in a degree a "War of Races;" Anglo-Saxon, Celt and Saxon on the one side, and the Sclavic race on the other—that Sclavic race from which we derive the modern term slave. This race, proud in its numbers, and servile in its individuality, not content to learn of its superiors, now seeks to give the law to Europe. Its noblest ideas at the present time being Conquest and Dominion. And this contest which it has sought, is therefore to a degree a "war of races"—but none the less does it involve in its consequences the cause of Free Institutions, and the upraising of the down-trodden millions."

No mediation of ours will check this contest—for England and France both desire peace more earnestly than ourselves—but now that they have begun the war, they think it folly to withdraw from the contest, with mere paper pledges on the part of the Czar that he will hereafter live in peace with his weak neighbors. Absolutely driven into hostilities, they wish some security for the future, to recompense their great expenditure of money, and terrible loss of life. Are they not wise in this?

THE AUSTRIAN ALLIANCE.

We have been amused at statements by certain American editors, that they no longer take any interest in the success of either party in the Crimea, now that Austria has joined with France and England.

The same gentlemen, if they had lived during the Revolution, probably would have said:—We feel no further interest now in the cause of our country, since a despotism like France is sending over troops to fight the battles of Freedom. And of course, if Russia had proffered her aid to the United States during the last war, they would have indignantly refused it—especially if they thought in the case of such a refusal, she would join the enemy!

But these philosophers would have Austria rudely repulsed—and Prussia too, probably, with the rest of Germany—in order that a blow might be struck in Hungary and Poland. And yet what are Hungary and Poland? Nations crushed under iron heels—without arms, without organization, without confidence in each other; and the sympathies of the Sclavonic masses of which, would be easier enlisted by Russia and Austria in a crusade against their hereditary foe the Infidel, than in favor of constitutional freedom. We can see more hope for those nations, as the result of a war between Russia and Austria, than in any other *violent* way.

As to the help Austria will bring the Allies, and just where they want it too, its importance can hardly be over estimated. We see the population of the three allied nations set down as follows:

Great Britain and Ireland	[illegible]
France	[illegible]
Austria (with the rest of [illegible])	[illegible]
	[illegible]

Against these, Russia, it is said, can bring at furthest *seventy* millions, including all her barbarous tribes. And the weight of Austria, moreover, almost implies that of Germany—which latter thrown into the scale, would probably induce both Sweden and Denmark to also join the great alliance, and thus render almost certain the discomfiture of the Czar—perhaps his degradation into a second rate power, by paring off his claws of which the Crimea is one.

It is well therefore to consider that in war the desirable is limited somewhat by the possible. "Divide and conquer" is as good a rule now as formerly. As our forefathers thought it desirable to repulse England, even if they had to solicit the aid of still more monarchical France in doing so—and counted the result a gain for Freedom; so the Allies may think it well to humble Russia, even with the help of Austria; and the Freedom of Europe gain instead of losing by the operation.

THE VETERINARY ART.

We are indebted to Mr. R. Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon, for the Constitution and By-Laws of the American Veterinary Association, of this city—the first association of the kind formed in the United States. We *should* be pleased to receive a series of ably written "articles on the rearing and improvement of all kinds of live stock, with the symptoms, treatment and termination of such cases of disease as may not require the aid of a veterinary surgeon—together with such other information as may be useful to the farmer, the smith, and all others interested in live stock."

We may mention in this connection what Mr. Jennings informs us—that, "in a city like this, with 100,000 head of live stock, there are less than one dozen *regular* veterinary surgeons; scientific men, understanding the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the animals they undertake to cure." He says further, that "the Veterinary Medical Association, at the late Exhibition of the State Agricultural Fair, was honored with the highest premium, for their collection of Pathological specimens, the first ever exhibited in the United States."

Success, say we, to this new Association! Ever since we lost our riding horse, last Spring, we feel an amazing interest in the veterinary art. By the way, how many of our Philadelphia readers know that there is an Insurance Office, which insures horses, in this city?

POSTAGE.

A subscriber at Adams Mills, Muskingum county, Ohio, says that the postmaster at that place, charges 13 cents per quarter postage on the Post, even when paid in *advance*. If so, the postmaster has mistaken his instructions—and yet we can hardly conceive how he could do so, for they are as plain as the Post-Office Department possibly could make them; and, so far as our knowledge extends, he is the only postmaster who has misunderstood their meaning in this respect. It must be remembered, however, by our subscribers, that the words "when paid quarterly or yearly in *advance*," mean precisely what they say. They do not mean a payment at any time during the quarter or year—except so far as the postmaster chooses to take the responsibility of obliging his friends and neighbors.

DEATH OF GOVERNOR DORR.—Mr. Dorr, of Rhode Island, who made such a figure in the politics of that little State some years ago, recently departed this life, after a long and painful illness, which is said to have been originated by his imprisonment. Dorr sought a good and popular reform in an unconstitutional mode. He failed, and his opponents used their power not quite so magnanimously as they might have done. According to the New York Post, "those who knew him in private life, speak in strong terms of his amiable temper, and the strict purity and uprightness of his character." He made, however, one false political move, and it killed him.

LATE HAYING.—A subscriber at Independence, Iowa—twenty-five miles from any post-office—writes to us under date of December 12th, that "the weather is as fine as May, and we are not quite done haying yet." He says: "I finished mowing on the 9th; was warm and comfortable in my shirt sleeves."

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

RAILROAD LAW.

A "GRIZZLY" LOOSE.

New Publications.

Foreign Sketches.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

Clippings.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

ALMANAC FOR 1855.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Reciprocity Treaty will soon be in full operation, as Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island have accepted its provisions, and it only remains for President Pierce to issue his proclamation, as soon as he shall receive official information of the acceptances mentioned. Newfoundland is covered by a special provision. When that is fulfilled, free trade will be substantially established between the Provinces and the United States.

The Rev. Dr. Potter, the new Episcopal Bishop of New York, has voluntarily relinquished $1,000 of the $6,000 voted by the convention as his annual salary. He does this from a conviction of what is right, saying that he can get on very well with $5,000 a year and rent free.

One of the Texas papers remarks that, "at the recent sitting of the Court at San Antonio, thirteen *gentlemen* were assigned places in the penitentiary."

A Vera Cruz correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, has been making inquiries into the pedigree of the Mexican hero, Santa Anna, and has discovered that His Serene Highness is a mulatto!

A magnificent monument to the memory of the brave Pole, Count Pulaski, was completed in Savannah last Thursday, the 21st ult., in the presence of a great number of the citizens. Of course Know Nothings were present.

A boy about nine years old, was choked to death on Sunday week, at Belleville, N. J., by a piece of hickory-nut shell, which flew into his throat while he was cracking the nut between his teeth.

Dr. Oliver B. Howe, Postmaster at Shelburne, N. H., and his wife, were arrested last week by Deputy Marshal Dearborn, charged with taking money from letters passing through the post-office.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.—Daniel Webster used to relate that in a suit he received eighteen dollars for a vast amount of labor, but afterwards was employed in an exactly similar case, and received a fee of five thousand dollars, though he used the same brief that he had prepared for the first case.

GOOD PLUCK.—The South Carolina House of Representatives have passed a bill subscribing $1,000,000 to the Blue Ridge Railroad, and guaranteeing $1,000,000 more. Considering the tightness of the money market, this may be put down as an extraordinary exhibition of pluck.

GENERAL CANROBERT.—Diogenes says, "A correspondent whose letter bears the post-mark of [illegible] (Lunatic Asylum,) has asked us a question which runs thus: If Raglan cannot take Sebastopol, may we ask—Can Robert?"

A man was recently arrested in England, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment for having wantonly tortured a cat by biting off its nose.

EXPENSIVE LUXURY.—The editor of the Milwaukie (Wis.) Free Democrat has received the sum of $2,500 from one Henry Burchard, who took the liberty of cowhiding said editor some two months since.

A TRUE REMARK.—A habit of sneering marks the egotist, or the fool, or the knave—or all three.

The Maineites in Connecticut offer as the most convincing evidence of the effects of the Prohibitory Liquor Law in that State, the fact that the jail of Windham county, is to be let for a boarding-house—the county having no farther use for it.

A chap stopping at one of the hotels in the city of New York, being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea, said he didn't care what color it was, if it had plenty of sweetenin' in it.

SINGULAR RACE.—A novel race occurred in Salem, N. J., on Saturday week, for a purse of $50, between a skater and a pedestrian. Just as they got fairly started, the skater ran into an air hole, and went in up to his neck. The race was postponed in consequence. We cannot imagine what could induce the skater to get into an *air hole* at the *beginning* of a race. Had it been near the *end*, it might have been explained, on the supposition that he was "out of wind."

A BROAD HINT.—Mr. Whiteside, the barrister, cross-examining a witness, in Dublin, somewhat rudely, asked him if he had been before a public court? "Yes," said he, "I was fined for an assault. A barrister so annoyed me by cross-examination, that I knocked him down when we came out of court."

Mr. Soule has been cordially received at the Court of Spain, on his return to Madrid. Information has been received in Washington that his position with the new Government is as fortunate for his probable future labors as can be wished by his most ardent friends.

The Metropolitan Hotel, New York, was sued by a traveller whose trunk was broken open in his room, and $150 in gold abstracted. The plea that notice was given that money must be placed in the safe, was not allowed by the Court, and judgment was given the plaintiff for $195 84 and costs.

It is stated that the silver coins most prized by jewellers for melting, are those bearing the stamp of the United States Mint prior to the late revision of the standard, and that for this purpose the quarter and half-dollars of the old standard command a premium of 4 per cent., and that French five-franc pieces and Spanish milled dollars are the only other coins regarded with equal favor by the melters.

Ephraim Littlefield, somewhat notorious as the chief witness in the trial for the murder of Dr. Parkman, has, in consequence of a painful disease of the ear, become insane.

A panther entered the dining-room of a house in Ouachita Parish, La., a few days ago, while the family were seated at their meal, and after upsetting the table and nearly killing two dogs, made good his retreat. He was followed, however, and finally killed. He measured ten feet nine inches from tip to tip, and was two feet seven inches in height. So says the Ouachita Register.

The Booneville (Mo.) Observer tells of a great Congress of bees on the farm of Mr. Noah Smith, in those parts. Thirty swarms have gathered in and about one cherry tree. The old women of the neighborhood regard it as a sign of the approaching destruction of the world.

Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, has arrived at Madeira. That genial climate has already produced a beneficial change in his health.

The Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Costa Rica, Hon. F. Molina, has deemed it his duty to his Government to file with Secretary Marcy a formal protest against the project of colonization of the Mosquito country by the American company represented by Col. Kinney.

At a skating match recently held at Madison, Wisconsin, a mile was run in one minute and fifty-six seconds, starting included. It is said to be the swiftest time on record, and is equal to ordinary railway express trains.

COST OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—The building burnt by the British, cost $788,071 28, cost of the new building to 1830, including improvements of grounds, $1,808,418 93. Expended since, in alterations and improvements $93,959 21; making the total cost of the Capitol and grounds, $2,690,559. The additions and improvements now making to the building, will add some five millions of dollars to the last.

A Wisconsin paper states that "suits have been commenced against Mr. S. V. R. Ableman, U. S. Marshal of Wisconsin, and his sureties, to recover the value of Joshua Glover, who was rescued from the deputy's custody at Milwaukie. The plaintiff, Mr. Benj. S. Garland, of St. Louis, Mo., claims the ownership of the fugitive."

Prince Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, has received letters from his son, Lieut. Bonaparte, who is now in the Crimea, in command of a French company. He had thus far escaped injuries, and behaved gallantly.

The death of the Rev. Josiah Goddard, the eminent American Baptist Missionary, at Ning Po, China, is announced in private letters by the America.

Judges Todd, Hancock and Morris, of Texas, have declared that the Liquor Law of that State is unconstitutional.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, who accompanies the army to the Crimea, receives £1,500 a-year.

A man named Henry Lee, was sentenced at Providence, the other day, for five years, for burglary. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced on him, he presented a letter to the Judge, in which he said he was thirty-nine years of age, and that twenty-two years of his life had been spent in prison.

The female sharper who figured last summer at Baltimore and other places, as a fugitive from a Shaker community, has recently made her appearance at Niagara, where, by a plausible story, she excited the sympathies of a benevolent gentleman, and ran away with $40 of his money.

A few days since, at the Fayette House, Syracuse, N. Y., about twenty Indians who participated in the conflict of 1812, came together from the Green Bays, Onondagas and Oneidas. Three of their number were appointed Delegates to the National Convention of the Veterans of the War of 1812, to be held at Washington on the 18th of January next, where they will go in full costume. Their names are George Hill, Henry Webster, and Samuel George.

A man has been arrested in New York on the charge of selling several mail bags, knowing them to be the property of the United States. The punishment is a fine and imprisonment, the latter extending from one to three years.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald, a few days since, published the following notice: If James Johnson will call at this office, he will hear of something to his advantage. To which the following reply was next day received: "Mister Editor—I thank you for your kind intentions, but I have no idea of being catched by the police."

The Rev. Stephen Masslek, a Hungarian by birth, and for many years a priest of the Romish Church, was recently received into communion of the Episcopal Church, at St. Louis, Mo.

The Canada papers are agitating the question of petitioning the Queen to visit her American dominions next summer.

The Berlin (Md.) Courant thus gives expression to its thanks for favors: "The individual who brought us a load of green bass-wood in payment for his subscription, is deeply thanked [over the left], and he is most respectfully invited to come some cold morning and warm himself by the fire it makes."

A fire in a furniture factory, at Peoria, Ill., was lately extinguished, most effectually, by opening the safety valve of the factory steam engine, and letting the steam fill the building. The vapor suddenly and completely subdued the flames, and when the firemen arrived on the ground they found that their services were not needed.

The motion for a new trial in the case of William H. Arrison, convicted of murder in the first degree, at Cincinnati, Ohio, was, on Friday week, overruled, and the prisoner was sentenced by Judge Flinn to be hanged on the 11th of May, 1855.

The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror states that a resident of Plaistow, who, three years ago, was convicted of a State Prison offence, in Rockingham county, N. H., cleared out, being free on bail, returned to Plaistow recently, and was arrested and sent to Exeter Jail. He has lately been at the head of a Wild Cat Bank in Kansas, which has been spoken of in connection with the enterprise of that country, as "an institution flourishing under the enterprise of a distinguished son of New Hampshire."

The Staunton (Va.) Republican states that a gentleman engaged in some employment on the Virginia Central Railroad, found a large sum of money, a few days since, amounting to ten or twelve thousand dollars. The pocket-book containing the money was in a crevice of a rock, and contained papers which will probably lead to the discovery of the owner.

The Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church, New York, have voted to pay to Mrs. Wainwright, the widow of the late Provisional Bishop of New York, the handsome pension of $2,000 per annum.

Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of Manchester, N. H., preached a sermon recently, taking for his topic the recent life of Barnum. The reverend gentleman was quite severe on the great showman. The sermon closed with a powerful appeal to young men not to be dazzled by the apparent success of fraud, cheating and lying, and seduced from the legitimate paths of productive industry, and from the practice of honesty and integrity.

There have been, lately, great speculations in coal lands in Illinois, near the line of the Central Railroad, and on the Wabash. Lands recently worth from $1,25 to $3,00 an acre, have been selling at from $20,00 to $50,00 an acre. The Central Railroad offers great facilities for the transportation of coal to the Ohio.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Gazette tells us that at a meeting at the Merchant's Exchange, on Friday week, to devise means to extricate the Chicago Railroad from its temporary difficulties, a terrier dog entered the hall, and after listening a few minutes, flew round briskly in trying to catch his own tail. The waggish President of one of the old roads (Mr. L. H.) remarked that "the dog's movements were a good illustration of the present situation of all the railroads; they are laboring hard to make *both ends meet*."

A tea peddler has been arrested in New York for selling tea in packages purporting to weigh six pounds. On examination, these packages were found to be filled at either end with about a quarter of an ounce of tea; the balance was white sand. He was sent to the State Prison for two years.

Early on Sunday morning of last week, the police of Cincinnati (Ohio) arrested three young men, named Wm. Williams, Sidney Miller, and Edward Skillman, on the charge of having stolen a bag containing $44,000 from the United States Express Company's Agent, at the Hamilton and Dayton Depot, a few months ago. Another man, named Basel Estep, charged with the same offence, has also been taken to Cincinnati by the Marshal of Davenport, Iowa.

In New York, a few days ago, Margaret M. Ross recovered from J. W. Fershey, the sum of $200 for running over her husband with a Broadway omnibus, and so severely injuring him as to cause his death.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says: "I learn from very good authority, that the fundamental article of the Hawaiian Annexation Treaty provides for the immediate admission of the Islands into this Union, as an independent and sovereign State. They are to come into the Union as Texas did, and are to be represented, of course, in the next Congress by two Senators."

The Boston Bee says that a little girl, named Donnery, in Lowell, a few days since, found a check on the Atlas Bank, of Boston, for seven thousand five hundred dollars, which was returned to the owner. He neither offered money or thanks.

A contract has been entered into for the building of a new hotel, at St. Paul, Minnesota, to cost from $75,000 to $100,000. It will be commenced early in the spring.

On Saturday night, in New York, a butcher named Robert Allen, was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a revolver which he had placed under his pillow. The motion of his head, during the night, is supposed to have pulled the trigger.

The severe loss of the British army at the battle of Inkermann, is seriously felt in Canada, where many of the killed and wounded were well known; many of the English regiments now in the Crimea having been stationed in Canada.

The Norfolk (Va.) Herald states, that nearly five hundred men have just been discharged from the Navy Yard, comprising men from all the different mechanical departments and laborers. Nearly every one employed on the U. S. frigate Sabine, was included in the dismissal. There are only some eight hundred men now left in the yard.

Local politics run high in the Western country. A candidate for County Clerk in Texas offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent, undismayed, promised to do the same and throw a cradle in.

Samuel D. Scoville, the defaulting officer of the Marine Bank Agency, of Macon, Ga., has, it is said, made a full confession of delinquency, and manifested a proper spirit of resignation to the fate that awaits him. Gambling, it is said, victimized Scoville, as it has done a plenty of others.

William Carey, a boat-keeper at the Atlantic Docks, Brooklyn, a few mornings since was found dead in the cabin of a canal boat, having been suffocated by coal gas. Deceased was to have been married on the day of his death.

The Israelite, a Hebrew paper published in Cincinnati, in its last number, says the Committee of School Examiners in that city, say they will employ no teachers in the public schools who are either Jews or Catholics.

The Boston (Mass.) Traveller, says, on Christmas Day, 1794, ship Betsy, 180 tons, was launched in Salem, Mass., thermometer 80 degrees at noon. The grease ran down on the ways, and men and boys indulged in swimming, as in summer.

The newspaper publishers of Connecticut having become tired of the credit system, have determined that, after the 1st of February next, they will demand the cash from all subscribers residing out of the place in which the paper subscribed for is published.

In 1821, there were 3 miles of railroads in the United States; in 1830, 41; in 1840, 2,167; in 1850, 7,355; in 1854, 17,317 miles, and about 5,000 miles of canals; the total cost of railroads, $489,603,128; number of miles in construction 12,526. Total miles constructed in Great Britain, 7,686; Germany, 5,340; France, 2,480.

In Paris there are annually consumed 1,600,000 kid and lamb skins, for fabrication into gloves; in Brussels, 800,000; in Grenoble, 800,000; in Amonay, 3,200,000, making a total within these four cities of 6,400,000. To work this into gloves, requires 12,800,000 eggs, at an annual expense of 680,000 francs.

Boston is now connected by telegraph with over twelve hundred cities and towns in the United States and the British North American Province.

The consumption of lucifer matches in France, together with the quantity required for exportation, is set down as demanding a supply per day of seventy-six millions and eight hundred thousand matches.

A recent Paris letter says the arrivals from America in that city are constant. All the best apartments are eagerly snatched up by them, and a price paid which terrifies the ordinary foreigners. The English have long since ceded to them the privilege of high payments.

A young American engineer, of talent and skill, who has successfully served in the navies of England, Russia and the United States, sailed from Boston, recently, for Europe, in response to tenders made him by the Emperor of all the Russias again, to enlist in the service. He took with him some fifteen or twenty young men, whom he had enlisted as associates, and who for a few months back have been training under his instruction. We pity him and them.

COFFEE.—There is in Berlin, Prussia, a large establishment for the manufacture of coffee from acorns and chickory, the articles being made separately from each other; the chickory is mixed with an equal weight of turnips, to render it sweeter. The acorn coffee, which is made from roasted and ground acorns, is sold in large quantities, and frequently with rather a medicinal than an economical view, as it is thought to have a wholesome effect upon the blood, particularly of scrofulous persons.

The Journal of Commerce has been compelled to reduce its size, this being the third paper in New York which has done so within a very short time.

The act consolidating the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, and the township of Bushwick, under the name of Brooklyn, has taken effect. By the passage of this act Brooklyn will rise to the rank to the third city in the Union. Population about 200,000 souls.

SCHAMYL POSSIBLY A MYTH.—The British embassy is endeavoring to recover the Russian ladies who were carried off by the Daghistanees in their late foray on the villages north of Teflis. Letters have been written to Schamyl, and three persons are separately endeavoring to open a communication with him. It would be a great thing to be assured of this warrior's existence. He is always named as the supposed leader of the Lesges and neighboring tribes who inhabit the Eastern Caucasus, that he is still alive and conducts their movements we have no proof. Such pieces of intelligence as that "Schamyl has offered 50,000 men to the Porte," "Schamyl has totally defeated the Russian army in Asia," are favorite efforts of Perote and Bucharestian invention, but the fact is, that for some time past we have no certain knowledge of the celebrated leader. Emir Bey, a man who has done much in the Western Caucasus, was originally the Naib or lieutenant of Schamyl, but no communication has passed between them for three or four years. The tribes which he used to influence have of late been very active against the Russians, and this gives reason to suppose that he still preserves his vigor and authority; but he is so little known, and so much that is mythical has been mixed up with his real actions, that an enterprising traveller who could give us some trustworthy information would be a benefactor not only to the cause of the Allies, but to those who take an interest in a most singular passage of the world's history.—*Constantinople Correspondence of the London Times.*

UNHEALTHY PLASTERING.—A communication in the New York Journal of Commerce, asserts that the hair used in plaster for new houses is, very frequently, so dirty as to emit unpleasant effluvia, which are quite sickening, and calculated to keep a room unhealthy for years afterwards. The writer says:

"Hair used for mixing in mortar should be thoroughly washed—re-washed and dried, and thus deprived of the putrid matter that often adheres to it. The lime in mortar is not sufficient to cleanse the hair. It will generate an unpleasant, sickly effluvia whenever the room is heated, until, after a long time, the mortar is converted into *nitrate of lime*, or so much of it as is mixed with the animal matter is incorporated in the mortar."

POLITICAL NEWS.

MISSOURI.—The Legislature met and organized by electing an Anti-Bentonite Secretary of the Senate, and a Whig Speaker of the House. The Whig members have resolved not to vote for any one for U. S. Senator, who is not in favor of the Nebraska Bill and opposed to its repeal.

IOWA.—The Legislature of Iowa, on the 23rd ult., had four unsuccessful ballots for a U. S. Senator, to succeed Gen. Dodge. The contest was between Mr. Harlan, Whig, and Mr. Cook, Silver Grey Whig, but supported also by the Nebraska Democrats. The last ballot stood—Harlan 45, Cook 44; scattering 10.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A local election in Newburyport, to fill vacancies in the municipal bodies, has resulted in the election of one Know Nothing candidate, and three opponents of that order.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—"Observer," the Washington correspondent of the *Public Ledger*, says:—"The annexation of the Sandwich Islands seems to have met with a certain check, not from Great Britain or France, but from the color of the inhabitants. If they come in as a State, they may insist on being represented in both Houses by their own people, a circumstance that might thus destroy the prestige of the Caucasian race in the national legislatures. In the territorial state, the General Cass doctrine of popular sovereignty, which has recently been solemnly recognized in Kansas and Nebraska, would present unconquerable obstacles, when applied to a colored population."

INCIDENTS IN THE CRIMEA.—After the battle of Inkermann, General Canrobert wrote to Prince Menschikoff to apprise him that if he wished to bury his dead, he might send unarmed soldiers to do so. The General likewise complained of the savage cruelty of the Russian officers and soldiers in killing the wounded French, contrasting such barbarity with the great care bestowed by the French on the Russian wounded. The Prince is said to have returned a very short answer, to the effect that the care of burying the dead remained with those in possession of the field of battle, and that, as to any cruelties practiced by his soldiers, he (the Prince) was not responsible for them.

UTILITY OF THE REVOLVER.—The revolvers carried by our officers saved their lives on several occasions this day. When Capt. Nicholson, of the 77th, was lying on the ground, he was bayoneted by a Russian. The Colonel immediately shot the scoundrel dead. Ensign Butts, of the 77th, was taken prisoner by a Russian, who made him hide himself in the bush as his regiment went past, by keeping his cocked firelock to his head. The young fellow watched his chance, and shot him dead with his revolver, getting off in safety to his regiment. Mr. Crosse, of the Light Division, was surrounded by four Russians, who thought to make sure work of him. He shot the two in front of him with his revolver, and a private named Houlaghan rushed out of the ranks, shot one of his remaining assailants dead, bayoneted the other, and taking up Mr. Crosse in his arms, ran back with him to the rear of his regiment, and placed him in safety.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.—When, at the battle of Inkermann, General Bosquet sent to Sir George Cathcart, to inquire whether he wanted reinforcements, the latter being at the moment hemmed in by an immense Russian force, is said to have replied: "Yes; but don't hurry yourself."

MISCONDUCT OF THE WOMEN CONNECTED WITH THE CRIMEAN EXPEDITION.—Col. Daveny, the commandant at Balaklava, has recently ordered all the soldiers' wives and widows, who had established themselves in that place, to embark on board ship without delay. Their general misconduct had obliged the commandant to adopt this measure. It is sincerely to be desired, therefore, that in future no soldiers' wives be allowed to proceed to the scene of war. With very few exceptions the characters of the women that have accompanied the expedition to the Crimea have been everything but meritorious. On shore they have misconducted themselves, whilst on board ship they are a perfect nuisance to the unfortunate captain of the transport vessel to whose charge they are committed.

ATTACK ON LIQUOR SHOPS BY WOMEN.—The Kalamazoo (Mich.) Telegraph furnishes the particulars of a descent made on the groggeries of Otsego, Allegany county, by the women of that place. It appears that, some time since, a lady residing in that town, who has a husband addicted to the habits of frequent intoxication, called upon several of the rumsellers in the village, and besought them not to sell him any more liquor; and it is related that while on her knees imploring one of those persons to spare her and her family of this misery, so far at least as her husband was concerned, he brutally told her to "go to h—l! he should sell his liquor to any man that would pay him," and thus drove her in tears from his shop. Her entreaties had no effect, as also those of several ladies who had made similar requests. On Thursday afternoon, of last week, the ladies of the village, to the number of thirty-eight, armed with axes and hatchets, formed a procession and marched upon the destroyers of their domestic peace. Proceeding to the hotel, they commenced a general demolition of decanters, jugs, tumblers, and barrels, when the proprietor, beseeching them to desist, came to terms, and gave bonds not to sell any more liquor for six months, after which they quietly withdrew. They then searched a grocery thoroughly, but, finding no enemy, proceeded to another grocery, which was notoriously the worst rum-hole in the place. Here they commenced active operations upon the refusal of the proprietor to give the required bonds, and persisted in the work of destruction till the fellow came to terms. They then proceeded to another liquor-dealing concern, and the proprietor refusing to sign the bonds offered, as in the instance of the landlord, they poured out his stock of liquors, amidst the greatest excitement. During the operation, the proprietor rudely grasped one of the ladies, and hurled her back, whereupon he was seized and most thoroughly drenched in his own liquor. He received several very severe injuries in the melee. After having accomplished this, the women quietly dispersed.

THE CHLOROFORM ROBBERY.—Mr. Berrien, who was recently robbed of a large amount of money on the cars, going from Rome to Charleston, has given a long description of the circumstances attending the robbery. A large phial and a sponge saturated with ether, or chloroform, was found under his seat, shortly after he recovered sufficiently to know he had been robbed. He had fallen asleep, and some one—probably the robber—had blown out the light burning in the car, when he, no doubt, applied the chloroform and perpetrated the robbery. The accurate manner in which he describes all that transpired, the sensations he experienced, and the fact that his body, and not his mind, was chiefly affected when he partially recovered from the effects of the ether, would seem to argue against the opinion of the dentists, who say that the young lady who charged Doctor Beale, of Philadelphia, with the crime for which he is now in prison, is not to be believed. Railroad companies should be held responsible in such cases as this of Mr. Berrien. They should be compelled to keep lights burning, and not allow suspicious persons to extinguish them. This robbery should operate as a warning to travellers having large sums of money about them.

THE CITIZEN.—John Mitchell has withdrawn from The Citizen, and from public life. One reason for this step is, that his eyesight has been injuriously affected by his labors; and another is the conviction that the extent to which he has been personally identified with the paper, has been injurious to its influence and prosperity. He confesses that he has been grievously disappointed in the temper of the American people—finding them much less disposed than he had imagined, to encourage the free expression of opinion upon all subjects.—The Citizen lost about ten thousand subscribers in consequence of the proclamation of his desire for an "Alabama plantation well stocked with fat negroes," and several thousand more followed when he commenced the war upon Archbishop Hughes. Mr. Mitchell declares his intention to remain in entire obscurity for at least four years. He will still contribute, however, to The Citizen, mainly on literary topics, and always under his own signature.—The paper will be conducted hereafter by Mr. Clenahan, who has been connected with its editorial department from the beginning.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

It is said that when the Britannia bridge, in England, was built, it was thought a marvel to get rolled iron plates twelve feet long. Now, however, one of the triumphs of machinery is shown in the fact that plates are rolled 17 feet 6 inches long, 5 feet wide, and 1¼ inches thick; making a superficies of 87½ feet, and weighing 3,500 weight.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 194—Adults 90, and children 104.

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Original Poetry.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

A POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Alone within my chamber still,
I watched at eve the fire-light fall
In flickering gleams, that faintly wrote
With tender ink the shadows on the wall!
And as I watched their elongated play,
I mused upon the vanished year;
So mused all summer in its round,
And days of gladness, grief and fear;—
Till as I mused, those misty gleams
And wavered, shadows were no more
To wondrous shapes one hour of life,
Or crimson of existence stain,
And human love, hate, joy and woe,
Passing before me close and clear!
And in each picture as of old
Came at some grand magician's call,
The mighty history of the year
Loomed out upon my chamber wall!

First came a dreary winter shore,
Where heavy surges on rocks arose,
And maddened billows leaped up to fall,
And roll out spent in sad sea-moan;
Where piles of wreck and spars lay near,
And rested in corroy winds at last,
And there I noted, a sea-like wave,
For merging up the storm-crowned height

Then came King Winter's endless reign—
White desert shores and cold blue seas,—
No friendly sight of human home,
No green of hardy mountain tree
Yet, slowly down a lonely bay,
A ship crept on a winding track,
Fearing her way through icebergs vast,
That grimly showed long, ruined her hull,
Then furrow white rose, and cold wave—mist,
And snow-clouds rushed away from sight!
The wide far-reaching icebergs vast!
Throughout that starlit, fearful night!
Then, as I gazed, blessing unto—
Then, as I gazed, the night subsided—
That frozen world became all fair!

Unlike to these, another came,
And stole in light across my wall;
It showed a May-day festival,
Within a forest green and tall,—
Where roses and melons gayly danced,
And the melodious birds in glee,
Or hush before their former crowned Queen,
Or wonderful—with the pleasure mute.

Next came a bridal train, led on
By two whose hearts as one beat loud,—
With heroes out looking from their eyes,
Triumphed above at their feet;
It seemed to cross a village green,
Into a village church to go,
Mere faint it grew beyond the porch,
Then faded from the shadowy wall.

Next fleeted on a lovely scene,
Where children sat by the wild water;
A peasant's first humble home,
Within the forest's silent hand.
Through rustling branches wound the smoke—
Through trellised windows peered the moon—
The footsteps of the wild wind were heard,
And the low murmur of the pine tree—
Then I beheld the mother sweet,
The radiant—the young mother—
And knew it up by all her words—
Of fondest maternal solicitude,
Of high and pure and solemn prayer poured,

A noble only man! I saw
Four ranks of summer bloom a-crowded—
Where through crowded flowers and fruit
In joyously tongue in the ground!
Where beauty rose Autumn decayed!
And Summer more in Cleopatra pomp—
Magnificent as Rose gardens—Jerusalem!
And shook on high their crimson blooms

But o'er this city sweet vapors—
A deadly stillness seemed to brood—
Its very streets, and gates were—
I saw no busy multitude,
There fleeted on the spiry breeze,
And lurked amid the tangled flowers,
The serpent-breathed Malaria pestilence!
Then walk ath on the walls—the gates,
And wrought in the dwellings of men,
From house to house, with sunshiny tread,
Or passed, and left the mansion silent—Dead!
And houses fastened for their tomb
The dead and parted joyless

Next flashed my wall with brave men met!
I saw heaven a dense, fantast shore—
And beyond, a fair city—
Conquered for me a Fatherland!

It is the festive vintage time,
When labor lightens into mirth—
Our peasant mother the ripened fruit,
And drop the purple fruit to earth—
And under each bough bent on their backs
Bedecked of grapes, by sunlight kissed,
Their children like a vivid crown
Of Autumnal and Anacleon!
With wreaths of vine-leaves on their brows,
Many each other vines, proud and sure,
Their mothers' footsteps follow—
The household's sunny overflow!

Next, lasting Northern landscapes rose
Of the primeval forest, with its dark rocks rent,
Its gloomy gorges, and mighty trees,
It is the English wilderness! Hiawa,
Of its ember air of thankful beauty,
To glimmers pour they leave the place,
Where wood but wintersome reaped
God's browning with the golden grain,
And sown in vain, the forest's hand
Bright summer meteors, fire, air, sunshine,
To gold transmuted—a miracle!
A season's veneration buried in obscure
Of the primeval wilderness!

Next fleeted upon my chamber wall
A basin pastures, mere and wild—
And low-roofed thatching hovels in the dell
Dread fires in troops together piled

Next here, now there, the billowy tide
Of battle rolled, and surged and broke—
Now crowned with meteors gleamed in air
Now fell, and rose, and fell, and rose again!
The day was dark with sanguinary rain!
Then mustered the dead—the vast battalions!—
Like corn beneath the tramp of hoof,
Sank rank on rank, and squares on squares!
O'er all the place lowered thick and fast
And smoke of Moloch's earth-feast,
Now here the banner rent and torn,
And blasted there presented hollo stream!
Now here the last intrenchment reaped!

Next came the victory of crown winter
Through logs that rushed the scene of day!
I saw a boundary, compact with ice!
Down boldly on her resistance they
There came a shock. The ice-bars
Of rounded to death, yet united not half,
Rolled—tumbling—crashing—thundering!
Plunging to doom, fond on her track
Of wreck and ruin, the victorious flood!
The conquering waters trampled—and came,
And rose, and rose, and bore backward,
The lake's, unbroken phalanx of ice!
Then came the sundered rout of her,
And pelted and ravaged the depth of hell,
Of hill, helpless women, and their babes,
Of heavy men, and their wives and children
Driving men back down in cowlic retreat,
Or seized and swept away in the current!
The rushing plunge transcend—and came,
In death, dread rout, locked up in her!

Death wanted for those where their stood—
And Death shouted to them from the water,
The ship that out their coffin control,
The sea beneath, one mighty grave,
The cold closed her embrace long,
As though to hide from Death's dark image
Against her beauty that so clad,
To sate into the deeps most direct
The wives and children mourned,
And heart to heart, home hearts stood,
In vain bereaved—silent rooted
The highest from the hungry flood—
Lo! the waters rushed on, and the lake
Up against, pressing up to shore
He lashed it round with tongue like wave,
Then—then—I saw the lake no more!

Next lashed wantonly up my wall,
Bright fairies, and their feminine mirth—
Of all nations for great treasure piled,
And my pleasure gathered from the earth.
The long light limbed nine the street,
And commingled in the festive kind,
And capered in unmeaning merriment,
The poor and homeless—sisters they don't
To the Festival—the Festival of Peace!
For great wrestle lighted, danger to cast
One banner, paying up my shame!
But they shall better know Him, when
Love's hand and sundry wait on them!
And from the rent of mirth,
And from the heart of hell—

Rate our came in and to my lamp,
And drew weird shadows on the wall!
And once again, but fleeted
Like fairies at the cock's shrill call.

Railroad Scenes.

THE IMPUDENT YOUNG CUB.

Con.—You don't object to smoking, I hope?"

Con Gentleman.—probably a Democrat, sir! I object very much indeed—in fact, I have the strongest objection to smoking!!!"

Con.—Hum! Ha! Some people have." [Smashes for the next fifty miles.]

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Samuel G. Goodrich, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

SUNDAY IN GOTHAM.

The Sabbath morning in New York. You are "awakened" by children's voices, pitched in every variety of key, vying which shall obtain the loudest.—"Herld!—Dispatch!—Sun!—Times—Benny Allen!"—pitch-shrieked by an occasional street-fight between the rivals their merchants), who are rummaging on the others—"boat." You have scarce recovered from this out-splitting chorus, before the air is rent by a sound like ten thousand Indian war-whoops and an engine thunders by, joined by every fire-bell in the vicinity, and a crowd pell-mell follow. Close upon the heels of this comes the milk-man, who ate philosophically on his cart, and glancing at the windows, utters a succession of sounds, the like of which never was heard in Africa, unless, of earth lawsuit or in the waters under the earth.

Now, saloons and cigar stores open half a shutter each, and sign-like stalls multiply in street corners. Then the bells ring for church. And would the dead hear distinctly, for only the summons. On your way you pass troops of people, bound to all churches—Jersey—Williamsburgh—anywhere—but to those of God. Groups of idle young men, with their best bonnets cocked over one eye, stand smoking and swearing at the street corners; and now Yankee Doodle strikes on your ear, for the dead is left to his dreamless sleep, and the world jogs on to a merrier measure.

You enter the church porch. The portly sexton, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, meets you at the door. He glances at you; your hat and coat are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Some ladies follow you, with mock, pitiably-sad sempstress, repelled from the fashionable church within its outer wall, for the immortal. The sexton is struck with a sudden blindness. She stands one embarrassed moment, then as the thick cloaks open to her, traces her steps, and, with a crimson blush, recrosses the threshold, and she had probably with her pilfered feet.

Hark to the magnificent bell that peals from "Norma," slightly tremulous, as the worshippers one after another glide in—silks rustle—plumes nod—satins glisten—diamonds glitter—and scores of forty-dollar bankbooks chink—and your heart sinks.

What an absurdity to preach the Gospel of the lowly Nazarite to such a set! The clergyman knows better than to do it. He sees his fat salary, and handsome parsonage before him, highly. So with a velvety tread he walks round the ten commandments—pierces the downcast of pillows under the dying profligate's head, and tickets them for future and hymnbook, into an upper-ten Heaven.

From this discourse you shrink, but we take you to the lecture-room of the Rev. Dr. Tryg. It is the first Sunday afternoon of the month, when he regards it meet to lecture—and lots of parish, who are mostly members of his Sabbath School. It would seem too easy thing to address a company of children. Let him who thinks so, try it! Let him be familiar without being flat: let him be instructive and at the same time entertaining; let him fix roving eyes; let him hold wilful ears; let him stop just at the moment when a child's mental appetite has lost its digestive power. All this requires—Dr. Tryg.

Now—grasp after grasp of bright fairy gallant scenes, and bewitching forms—but there was a afraid of "the minister." He has a smile of love, and a word of kindness for all. He has closed his church *purposely* to meet them, and gives the grandchild so undistracted, that the end of a child is as precious as an adult's, and that he has a message from God and spirit? Do you smile? Is the new child dead within thee? Not! Then talk! talk!

In locality that holds your tongue in darkness! You can talk well if you try, and be not too proud to tread yourself as you are. In the catalogue for eternity. Come up then to the stand of compassion, and learn that you are so infinitely greater than the meanest of them, you nothing to say? You have, if you will say it; talk learnedly, non-censurably, discuss the weather or any other topic that interests you, only—speak there.

The night of some people always makes us feel better; in gloom or despondency, we turn to them for light and hope, and the burden is the same thing everywhere. All are tired and unbalanced. There are some whose conversation is elevating, edifying,—whose thoughts dwell on rare pearls, who seem to have at command all knowledge, and by intercourse with such our minds are expanded, and our hearts purified—but no tongue-tied friend, 'tis not you I speak to. Talk! talk! talk! Be not so modest as the plague—it wants the strong nerve, the well-regulated system to control your tender influences.

Silent one, who will be but better, the wiser for your presence? Are you satisfied to be but a cipher in creation? Then talk! Talk with it by not your all of thought and beauty on the altar of humanity, and be remembered and honored